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A RETROSPECT.

We may one and all look back with pride on the past session as one which has amply demonstrated the fact that the era of a Greater McGill is indeed upon us. The success of the movement for a co-operative Union among our Theological Colleges once more has placed McGill University in the limelight. This is a step fraught with the greatest significance for the future and in advance of any yet taken along this line. It exemplifies the broad humanitarian principles and practical foresight which actuate those in control of the destinies of this University and its affiliated Colleges.

When we turn to the realm of undergraduate activities we again find the spirit of progressive organization along lines which are both patriotic and practical. The introduction of an Officers Training Corps at this institution is a fitting commentary on the now famous declaration of Principal Peterson at the Empire University Congress in London last August; a declaration embodying sentiment to the effect that McGill University stood for all those influences which tend to unify the Empire.

The outstanding feature of the athletic season was the spectacular achievement of the Senior Football team in bringing back to our Alma Mater the premier honors of the Intercollegiate league. The unprecedented individual efforts put forth by every member of the squad; the fidelity to practice shown by them during the long hard season of training, the enthusiastic and loyal support accorded to the team by the undergraduates all these things are bright with promise for the future and deserving of the highest commendation.

To the Governors, Faculty, Graduates and Undergraduates of this University the Daily offers its heartiest wishes for a bright and prosperous Xmas Season. May the New Year in every way be equally successful to the one which is now drawing to a close.

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and a
Happy
New Year.

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BIOGRAPHIES

LORD STRATHCONA

Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal, our venerable and beloved Chancellor was born in Scotland in 1820. Coming to Canada at an early age he entered the service of the Hudson Bay Company, spending thirteen years in Labrador and almost thirty in the Northwest Territories. Together with Lord Mount Stephen, Mr. James J. Hill and a few other men of the same farseeing and prophetic vision he started the Canadian Pacific Railway in 1876. He entered the Dominion parliament in 1880, sitting first for Winnipeg and later for the old constituency of Montreal West. In 1896 he became High Commissioner for Canada in London.

Lord Strathcona has in good truth been a good friend of McGill. When he was Sir Donald Smith he endowed the Royal Victoria College and his liberality, especially in connection with the Medical Faculty has always been unbounded.

PRINCIPAL PETERSON

William Peterson, son of the late John Peterson, of Leith, Scotland, was born in Edinburgh, May 29th, 1856.

Educated at the Edinburgh High School, in 1875, he graduated from Edinburgh University, with first-class honors in classics. He studied at the University of Göttingen and gained an open scholarship at Corpus Christi College, Oxford. In 1896 he won the Gerguson Scholarship in Classics. He was for two years assistant professor of Humanity in Edinburgh.

Principal Peterson has received honorary degrees from the following Universities, St. Andrews, Princeton, New Brunswick, Yale, Johns Hopkins, Pennsylvania, Queens, Aberdeen and Toronto. The Principal is an enthusiastic golfer and a keen sport. He has been an interested spectator at all the football games this year and was one of the first to congratulate Captain Lee on the splendid victory in the final game with Varsity.

SIR WILLIAM MACDONALD

Sir William Christopher Macdonald, was born in Glenaladale, P.E.I., 1831. He is a younger son of the late Hon. Donald Macdonald, President Legislative Council of the Island. Sir William is a grandson of Capt. John Macdonald, the eighth chief of the clan who served during the Revolutionary War as captain of the 84th regiment.

Sir William first came to Montreal in 1854 and went into business as a manufacturer. He is a director of and the largest shareholder in the Bank of Montreal. He is a governor of this University.

Sir William has proved himself the mainstay of McGill University in the times of her greatest need. It is solely due to his liberality that we have Macdonald College, our splendid Faculty of Agriculture. He has also recently given our Alma Mater the most needed and useful gift she has ever received, the Law and Molson property on Pine Avenue. By Governors, Faculty and Students alike Sir William is recognized as a true friend of McGill and a patriotic and far sighted Canadian.

DEAN MOYSE

Charles Ebenezer Moyse, Dean of the Faculty of Arts, represents a type of culture and high academic proficiency which unfortunately is fast disappearing from the life of our country. The distinction Dean Moyse has attained in the educational world is but an incident in his career, it has come to him because he could not avoid it. To delve in the classics is to him not a labour but a joy, and his extraordinary mentality has happily been developed not at the expense of any other side of his nature.

As an undergraduate in the University of London, Charles Moyse early distinguished himself, being an exhibitor in English and prizeman in animal physiology. In 1878 he was named Molson Professor of English at McGill University, vacating his head mastership of St. Mary's College to accept the appointment. In 1903 he was made Dean of the Faculty of Arts and vice-president of the University.

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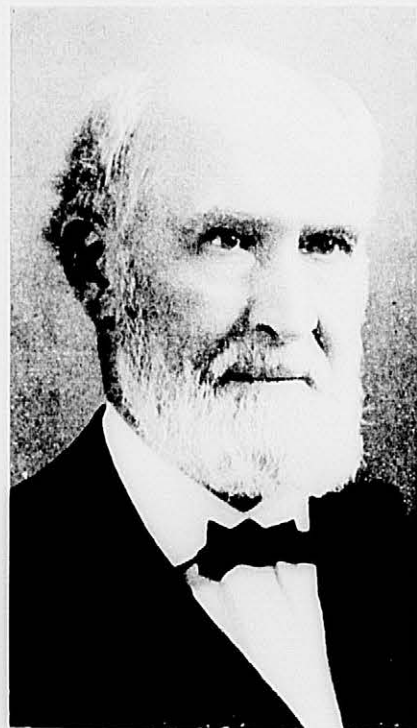
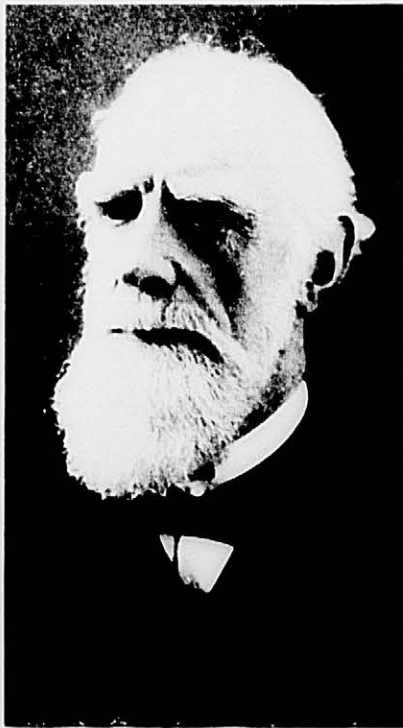
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IN DOMINO



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GRANDESCUNT AVCTA LABORE

Intercollegiate Football Season.

Persistent Practice and Capable Coaching--the Secret of Success.

HOW IT WAS DONE.

The football season of 1912 just ended has proved the most successful in the history of the game at McGill. For the first time in six years a team wearing the Red and White carried off the laurels in no undecisive manner after making a sensational up-hill fight. At the close of the 1911 season Captain Jimmie Lee and other members of the team decided that the only way to develop a winning combination was to engage a competent professional coach who would have absolute authority on all matters relating to the team. Accordingly, Frank Shaughnessy of Ottawa, who had had some experience in coaching in the United States and who had himself played on the Notre Dame University eleven, was engaged for the season and the fact that McGill won the championship under his supervision is sufficient evidence of the wisdom of this move. When college reopened in the fall the outlook of the 1911 team had graduated while others, it was thought, would be unable to play owing to the pressure of their studies.

However, Shaughnessy set to work with the available material and gradually the mob of players which assembled every afternoon on the campus began to look more and more like a real team.

Meanwhile, Varsity, Queens and Ottawa College, were hard at work and the critics predicted one of the closest races in the history of the Intercollegiate. This prediction was fulfilled after the withdrawal of Ottawa College, the weakest team of the four, after they had lost two games at home. This narrowed the fight to Toronto, Queen's, and McGill, and it at first seemed as if Varsity would again land the championship, they having one of the strongest fourteens that ever donned the Blue and White. Queens were also considered strong although the general opinion was that they were no match for the hitherto unbeatable Torontonians while McGill, owing to the fact that a new coach had taken charge, were a doubtful quantity.

The season opened with Queen's at Ottawa and McGill at Varsity. The game at Ottawa which was a most disgraceful affair all through was won by Queens and although Ottawa College protested the game their protest was not upheld by the league whereupon they withdrew from the Intercollegiate. The McGill — Varsity game at Toronto took place on a scorching hot day, the Varsity rooters taking off their coats and sitting in their shirtsleeves. McGill started brilliantly and lead till nearly half-time when Varsity who appeared to be in much better condition, being apparently indifferent to the hot sun, forged ahead and stayed there, winning by 25 points to 13. In this game Varsity showed remarkable form considering the earliness of the

season and appeared to have easily the best chance for the Intercollegiate honours. A week later, however, McGill defeated Queens in Montreal 15 to 5 and showed such great improvement over the form displayed in the opening fixture that many were not surprised when the week following, Toronto University were completely outplayed by the wearers of the Red and White. McGill won by the overwhelming score of 28 to 7 the Varsity team being simply outclassed in all departments of the game. Varsity then defeated Queens in Toronto after a hard game and a week later McGill journeyed to Kingston, defeating Queens by 14 to 3. Varsity had now to defeat Queens in Kingston in order to tie with McGill for the honours while a win for Queens would give McGill the Championship. The game was played on a slippery field which Varsity claimed militated against their style of play and whether or not this was the case they managed to pull the game out of the fire in the last few minutes of play.

The question of a play-off was then taken up and it was decided to hold

it in Ottawa the following Saturday, November 16th.

During the week excitement was at fever heat not only in Toronto and Montreal, but also in Ottawa and in fact all over the Dominion where graduates of the two Universities were assembled. Reports were sent out from both Toronto and Montreal giving the weights, ages and in some cases an almost complete life history and athletic record of the members of both teams. Reports of record breaking practices by the heavier Varsity team and others less optimistic in tone from the McGill training quarters filled the sporting pages of the daily papers while requests for tickets from all over eastern Canada were received.

On Friday the day before the game the two teams arrived in Ottawa accompanied by a large crowd of enthusiasts, while on Saturday morning two special trains from Montreal and Toronto brought about a thousand and more rooters who had knocked off work to take in the big game.

The rotundas and dining rooms of the principal Ottawa hotels presented a lively picture that morning, hun-

dreds of graduates and undergraduates who had not seen each other for years, renewing acquaintances and discussing the "dope" on the game. Varsity had been wishing for a hard field and the slight frost which had set in hardened the turf. Coach Shaughnessy of McGill had stated that McGill could play on any kind of a field, so that conditions were satisfactory to both teams or as satisfactory as possible considering the lateness of the season. Both teams were at full strength and were known to be evenly matched but the fact that Varsity had been four times champions added to this that they averaged nine pounds a man heavier than McGill, made it look as if the Toronto students would repeat again although the betting which was unusually heavy was mostly at evens.

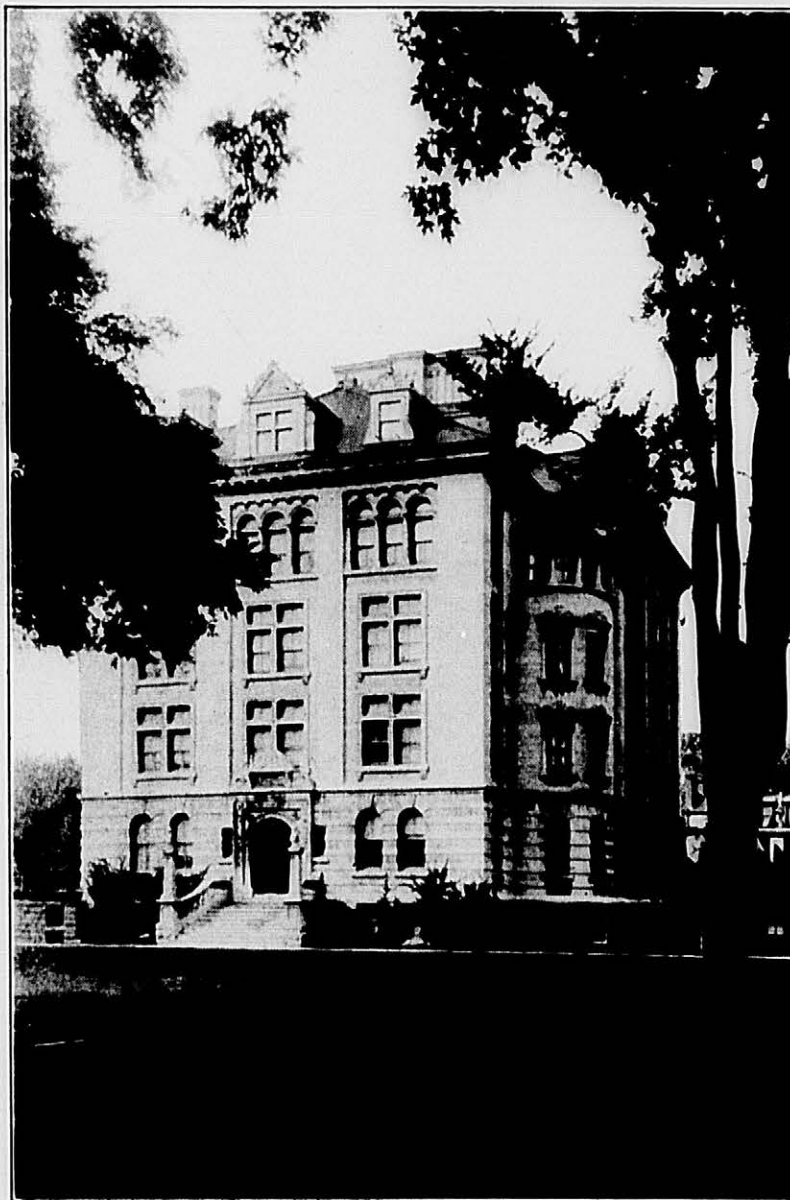
The game began at 2.30 p.m. about ten thousand persons being on hand. The field was completely surrounded by automobiles while newspaper photographers and moving picture operators, cavorted around the touch-lines trying to get preliminary snaps of the players. McGill won the toss and played with the wind behind them, Varsity taking the kick-off. McGill adopted a kicking game, and Billington's long punts together with fast following up by the whole wing line soon had Varsity on the defensive and a few minutes after the beginning of play, Laing broke through intercepted a pass and dodging several tacklers went over for a touch-down, which Billington easily converted. McGill had the lead and kept it, the score at half-time being nine to two and at full-time, fourteen to three. It was undoubtedly the fastest game of football in the history of Canadian rugby, and it was freely admitted afterwards by the Varsity supporters that the better team had won.

Not one man, not two men, nor three men were responsible for McGill's brilliant victory. Every man played his position magnificently and in nearly every case outplayed his check. However, the secret of success lies chiefly in the earnest support given to Coach Shaughnessy by every member of the squad.

HOW IT WAS DONE.

That man, said Napoleon of Sir Sidney Smith, spoilt my destiny. Remarks of somewhat the same nature can readily be imagined emanating from the Toronto supporters after the crucial contest on Lansdowne Park. Shaughnessy sent a team on to the field in the finest condition possible and versed in every art of attack and defence. They were sure of themselves and their ability to do what they had been told. Hour after hour of patient driving signal practice had rendered the team better perfect in respect to their signals and plays.

(Continued to page eighteen.)



MACDONALD MINING BUILDING.

Phenomenal Marksmanship Successful

Rifle Championship Was Brought to McGill This Year.

THE BIRKETT CUP TEAM.

What ever else may happen this session, one thing is certain and that is that we have two championships already safely landed. Indeed this year will be long remembered not only for the splendid victory of our football team but also for the phenomenal success gained in another entirely different line of athletics namely in rifle shooting. Never before has the McGill Rifle Club had such a successful season. In the Intercollegiate Competition that took place on November 9th, McGill was victorious defeating Toronto by 5 and Queens by 23 points. This makes McGill Intercollegiate Rifle Champions. Besides winning back the Championship which we lost last year, the McGill Rifle Club incidentally broke all their previous records. The score which our marksmen managed to pile up this year is no less than 759 out

of 840. This is the highest aggregate score ever made at McGill and also the second highest score ever made by an intercollegiate team. Last year Queens made 760, one point more than McGill's score this year. It must not be forgotten however that last year the much disputed "low position" was used. It has since been ruled out by the Dominion Rifle Association.

The McGill team is composed of the following men.

L. I. Johnston	99
R. E. L. Hollinsed	97
G. M. Geldert	96
G. E. Jacques	95
H. E. Cunningham (Capt.)	94
J. H. Atkinson	95
J. Robertson	92
V. Gage	92
Total	759

The average score works out to 94.7-8 out of 105. It may also be interesting to note that the average score made by all McGill men who shot at the Annual competition works out to 85. Four or five years ago a score of 85 would have carried off first prize. Much of this improvement is due to the excellence of the rifles which the Government has provided for the Rifle Club.

The next most important event in the Rifle Club's season is the Inter-year competition for the Birkett Cup. For the last two years 1913 have been the winners, and this year they again carried off the honours. They are the only year that has ever won the Birkett Cup for three consecutive years. The scores made this year by the 1913 team are as follows:—

BIRKETT TEAM.

R. E. L. Hollinsed	97
G. M. Geldert	96
H. E. Cunningham	94
J. H. Atkinson	95
Eric Crewdson	88
M. Baker	88

Total

738
The Rifle Club was founded about seven or eight years ago and has ever since been one of the most popular of the minor athletic clubs. A great deal of the prosperity that has always been the lot of the Rifle Club in the past, and which it now enjoys has been due to the uniring energy of the late Prof. Gregor. Dr. Gregor was one of the prime movers in organizing the Club and until the time of his death was Hon. President. It was largely due to his ef-

(Continued on page 19).



THE CHAMPIONSHIP TEAM.

A Xmas Examination

By STEPHEN LEACOCK

With every revolving year,—and the poets and the physicists agree that they do revolve,—I am struck with the strange inconsistency of the words "Christmas Examination."

Here on the one hand is Christmas, good, glad, old season with its holly berries and its lighted candles and its little children dancing in a world of magic round a glittering tree; Christmas with its fabled Santa Claus defying our modern civilization by squeezing his way down the galvanized iron pipe of a gas grate; Christmas with the sleigh-bells all a-jingle, with bright snow in the streets, with the church-bells ringing on a week day and such a crisp gladness in the air that even the angular faces of university professors are softened out into something approaching human kindliness.

Here, I say, on the one hand is Christmas.

And here on the other hand are Examinations with their sleepless nights and their fevered days, with crazy questions and crooked answers, set with the calculating cruelty of the inquisitor, answered with the patient resignation of the martyr, or with the fanatical frenzy of the devotee who has swallowed his instructor's text book and gone crazy over it;—Examinations with their hideous percentages, their insulting distinctions of rank, and paid for, in cold fees, with money enough to

spread a Christmas banquet for the whole university.

Here is Christmas and here are the Examinations. And the two won't go together.

We can't alter Christmas. We've had it nearly two thousand years now. In a changing world its lights glimmer through the falling snow as a quiet beacon on things that alter not. It stands there fixed as a very saturnalia of good deeds, a reckless outbreak of licensed benevolence, with its loosened pocketbooks and smiling faces, just to show us on one day of the year what we might be on the other three hundred and sixty-four,—stands a moment and then passes, leaving us to button about us again out little suit of protective selfishness with nothing but a memory to keep us warm inside.

Christmas we cannot alter. But the examinations, we can. Why not? Why will not some theorist in education tell us how we can infuse into the Christmas examinations something of the spirit of the season that gives them birth? Can we not break down something of these rigid regulations that every candidate reads shuddering in the printed instructions on his examination book? Can we not so estimate our percentages and frame our questions?

And when I had written thus far the whole idea of the thing broke up on me with the flood light of discov-

ery. Of course, nothing simpler, I reached out my hand and drew to me the hideous code of the examination regulations. I read it over with a shudder. Is it possible that for fifty years this university has tolerated such a flat violation of every rule of Christmas behaviour? I saw at once how, not only the regulations, but the very examination papers themselves ought to be so altered that the old malicious spirit might be driven right out of them and Xmas come to its own again even in an examination hall.

Here is the way it is done:—

REGULATIONS FOR CHRISTMAS EXAMINATIONS.

1. Candidates are permitted, nay they are encouraged, to enter the examination hall half an hour after the examination has begun, and to leave it, re-enter it, walk across it, jump across it, roll round in it, lie down in it, tear their clothes, mutilate their books and, generally, to make themselves thoroughly and completely at home at the expense of the University.

2. Candidates are not only permitted to ask questions of the presiding examiner, but they may, if they like, talk to him, sing to him, hum grand opera to him in whole or in part, use his fountain pen, borrow his money, and, if need be, for the sake of order, request him to leave the hall. But remember that the presiding examiner is like yourself — a very human being and, if you had the advantage of knowing him outside the class room you would find

him at this time of year one of the jolliest creatures conceivable.

If you could see him presiding over the little candidates around the Christmas tree in his own house you would almost forgive him that silliness which he assumes to cover his natural humanity.

3. Speaking or communicating with every other candidate, male or female is of course the privilege of every student and the use of the megaphone and gramophone shall in no way be curtailed or abridged.

4. Students may either make use of the books, papers and memoranda provided by the examiner or may bring in their own memoranda, vade-mecums and conundrums together with such dictographs, gramophones, linotypes, stethoscopes or any other aids to memory that they may see fit to use.

6. The plea of accident or forgetfulness will of course be immediately received, in the same spirit as given.

7. Five per cent. will be accepted as a satisfactory standard, but all students failing to obtain it may be, and most certainly will be, specially exempted from further effort by a vote of the Board of Governors.

So much for the regulations. But of course still more can be accomplished if the examiners will, only frame their questions to suit the gentle kindness of the season. I should not wish to show in any great detail how this is to be accomplished. That would be trespassing on the work of departments other than our own. But I may be allowed to point the pathway of reform by pro-

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using a few specimen questions in representative subjects.

CHRISTMAS EXAMINATION IN CLASSICS.

1. Who was Themistocles. (Note in italics. If you can't think it out for yourself, he was a great Roman general, or Greek, or something. The examiner doesn't know much about himself but Lord bless you, at this time of year he doesn't care any more than you do).

2. Translate the accompanying passages, or don't bother to, just as you happen to feel about it. After all you must remember that ability to translate a lot of Latin verses is a poor test of what you really are worth.

3. Pick out all the verbs in the above and parse them, or, if you don't feel like picking them out, leave them sticking where they are. Remember that they've been there for two thousand years already.

There! That's the way the Christmas examination in Classics is to be conducted. And in the same fashion one might try to soften down the mathematical examination into something like this:—

EXAMINATION IN MATHEMATICS.

1. Solve the following equations, but if you can't solve them, my dear boy, don't worry about it. Take them home to father as a Christmas present and tell him to solve them. It's his business anyway, not yours. He pays the fees and if he can't solve the equations, why your family must stand the loss of them. And anyway people ought not mind the loss of a few equations at Christmas time.



A CHRISTMAS EXAM. ROOM.

There! That's enough for the mathematical examination. And as for the rest, you can easily see how they ought to be framed.

But just wait a minute before we come to the end. There would remain one examination, just one, that I think every student ought to pass at this season, though he may forget it if he will, as all the kind things of Xmas are forgotten all too soon. I should call it for want of another name, an Examination in Christmas Kindliness, and I warn

you that nothing but a hundred per cent. in it can be accepted for a pass. So here it is.

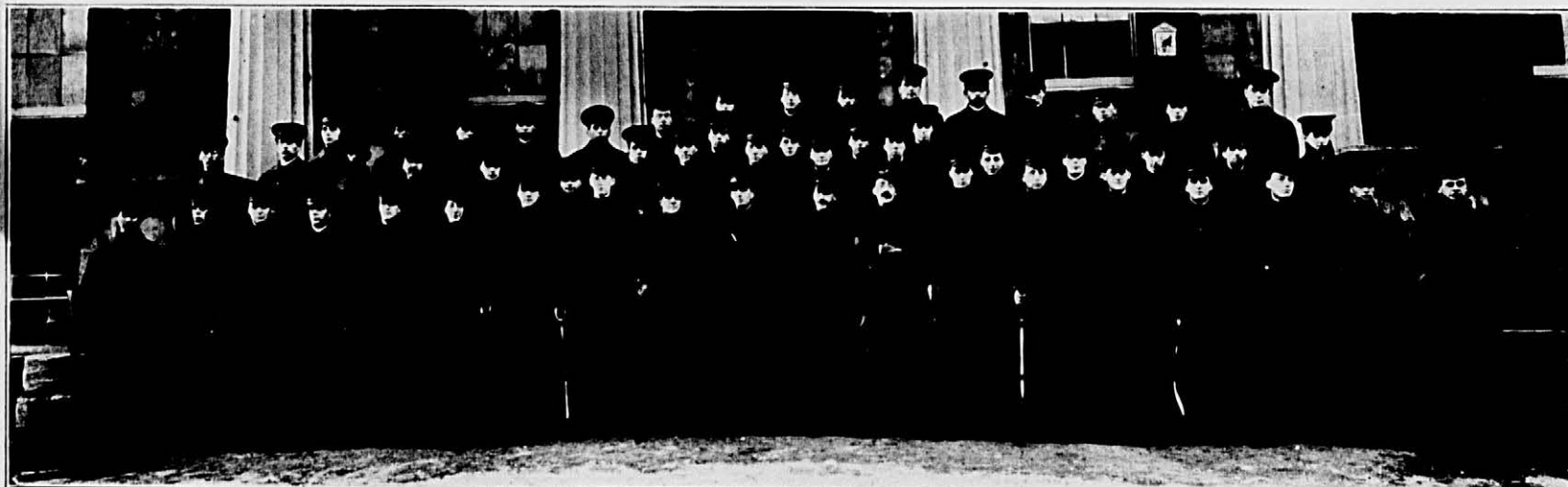
EXAMINATION IN CHRISTMAS KINDLINESS.

1. Is the University such a bad place after all?
2. Don't you think that perhaps after all the professors and the faculty and the examiners and all the rest of the crabbed machinery of your daily toil is something striving for your good? Dip deep your pen in your Christmas ink, my boy, and

overstate the truth for your soul's good.

3. Are you not going some day, when your college years are long since past, and when the poor fretful thing that is called practical life has caught you in its toils, and carries you onwards towards your last Christmas,—are you not going to look back at them through the soft haze of recollection, as to the memory of a shaded caravansary in a long and weary pilgrimage?

THE CANADIAN OFFICERS TRAINING CORPS.



It has long been said of McGill that while she was up to and ahead of most universities in nearly every line of student activity, yet there was one line in which she was very deficient. This year, however, that reproach has been entirely removed and now it can be truthfully said that McGill is taking her place as a leader in military activities.

Quite a lot has been said in past years about establishing an Officers' Training Corps at McGill to be modelled after those in existence at the larger English universities. Nothing was done, however, until the end of last year. Notices were then posted asking for the names of those who

would join. The returns were so gratifying that it was decided to carry the scheme through. Early this term a meeting was called to inaugurate the "Corps." Col. Crowe, the Commandant of the Royal Military College, very kindly came down to speak, as did also Col. English, and other prominent military men. After the meeting recruits were called for and the ensuing scene was indeed remarkable. Almost everyone present pressed forward to give in his name.

Since then the Corps has been hard at work and incidentally gradually growing. Of course every one was very green to begin with, but there

was plenty of enthusiasm and eagerness to work, and as a result the improvement since made has been nothing short of phenomenal.

Two companies have been formed, each under a graduate of the R.M.C. In addition to the two lieutenants, a very capable sergeant-major has been obtained to drill the companies.

The success of the Corps is, however, to a great extent due to the untiring energies of Profs. Smart and McKergow, who have been appointed Hon. Captain and Adjutant.

During the last two weeks the uniforms have been arriving, and now almost everyone is fitted out with full accoutrements and rifle. The rif-

les that the government have supplied are the finest Ross rifles made. The uniform is, of course, like everything else connected with the Corps, entirely free. If everything continues as prosperous as is now the case, the McGill Officers' Training Corps will be one of the biggest things at McGill.

The whole Corps has been organized with the idea of being able to expand easily and it is expected that now that uniforms have been obtained there will be a large number of new recruits.

We are publishing a photo of some of the members of the Corps. Uniform—(Continued on page 16).

Naples.

(Warwick Chipman.)

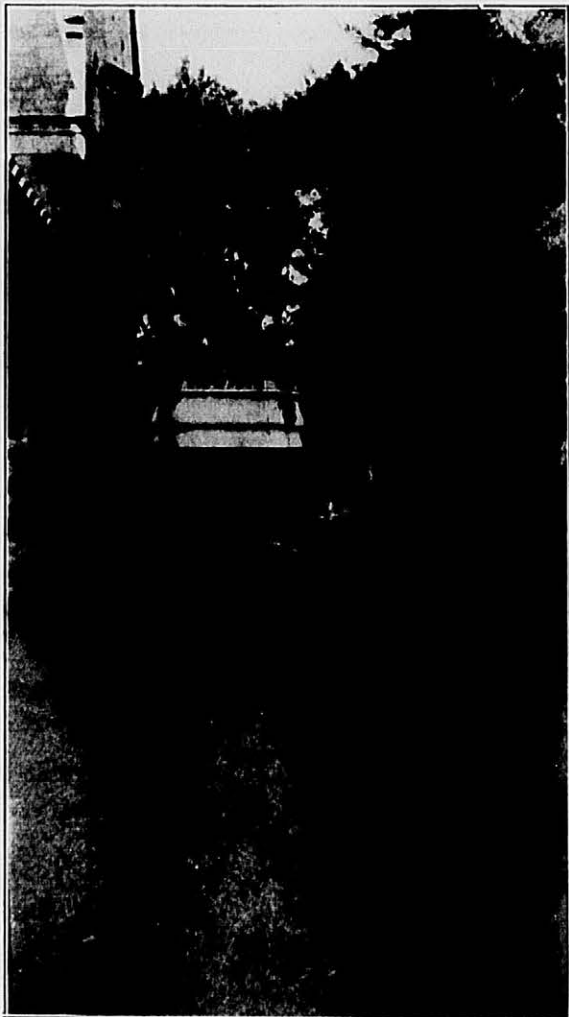
A terrace in Naples,
A pause in the hill,
An olive tree dappling
The gleam of the sill.
And higher, the stairways,
The roses, the vine;
And there against heaven
Were you by the line.

It was pleasure for you,
It was pleasure for me;
For the eyes were full,
But the hearts were free.
But had it been love
Little pleasure there'd be!

There was light in the hands
That were pinning the sheet;
There was life in the breast,
There was joy in the feet.
A flash in the eyes
Then—nothing but this—
You sent me a laugh
And I sent you a kiss.

'Twas a look and a laugh,
And a toss of the hand;
And then on the morrow
Away from the land.
And nothing was opened
And nothing was bruised,
And nothing desired,
And nothing refused.

It was pleasure for you,
It was pleasure for me;
For the eyes were full
But the hearts were free;
But had it been love,
Ah! had it been love,
Little pleasure there'd be!



R. V. C. STEPS.

Christmas In Two Cities.

(Arthur G. Penny, Arts '08.)

Far down, athwart the star flecked sky
Is borne the swirling snow:
No sound disturbs nor any cry,
The slumbrous town below.

Night sickens, and the glad day-light
Smiles on yon Eastern brow
Hark how the brazen bells recite
Their Christmas praises now.

Now does the mother's love rise up
To her whose son was born
Of earthly lees to drain the cup
And wear a crown of thorn.

Well does she know that joy in birth
That sorrow of travail
Her's all the glories of the earth—
The light behind the veil.

Now is each lonely heart made light
Hatred and hunger cease
As when the citizens unite
To praise the Prince of Peace.

CONSTANTINOPLE.

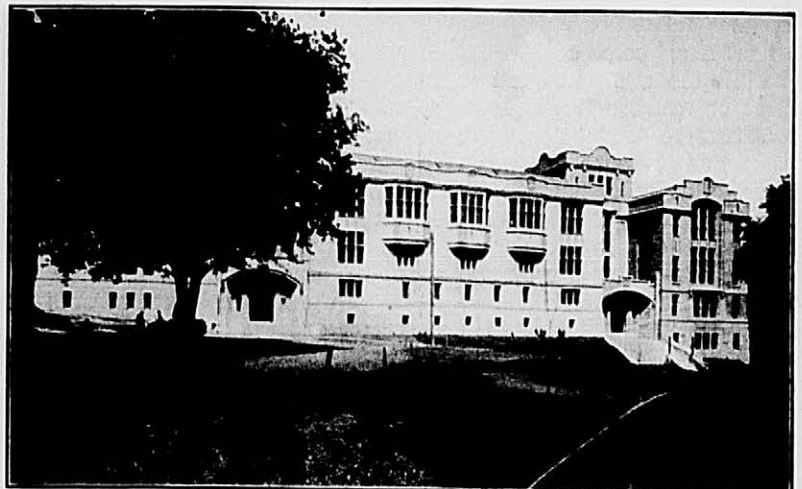
There is no gladness in thy Gate
No pleasure in thy walls
Where Death and Terror hourly wait
And Famine mocking calls.

Thine was the "pomp of yesterday,"
An Empire bound in chains;
Bright was the Crescent's baneful ray—
A breath—and what remains?

Down from the heavy Hills of shame
Thy sullen soldiers plod
Where Christian wrath roars out in flame
And grieves the heart of God.

Although thou hearest not—nor see—
Aught save the smoke and din,
Here, even here, there needs must be,
Fitly to usher in.

The myst'ry of that splendid birth,
Upraised the Herald strain
Telling the ends of all the earth
That Peace is come again.



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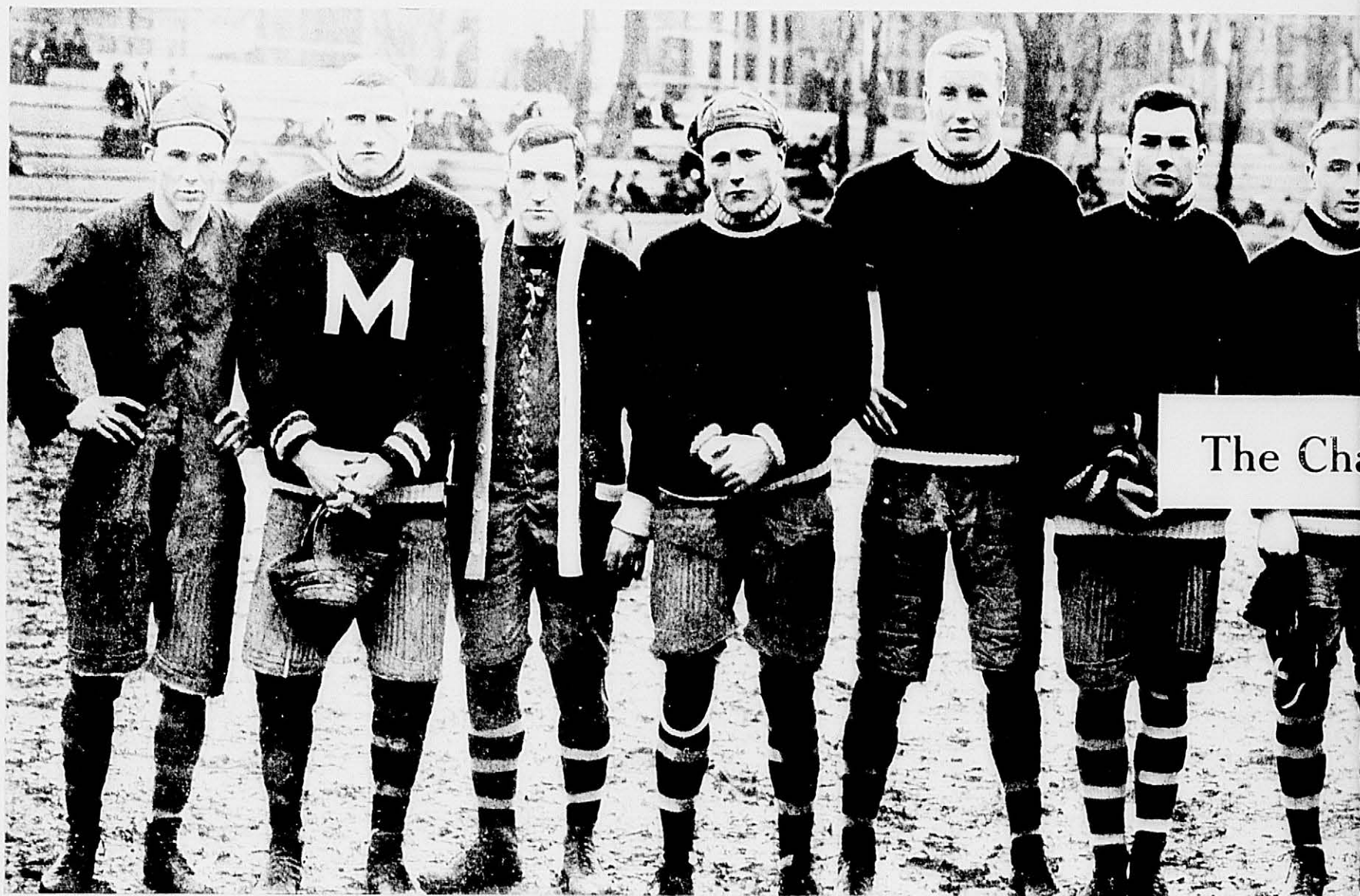
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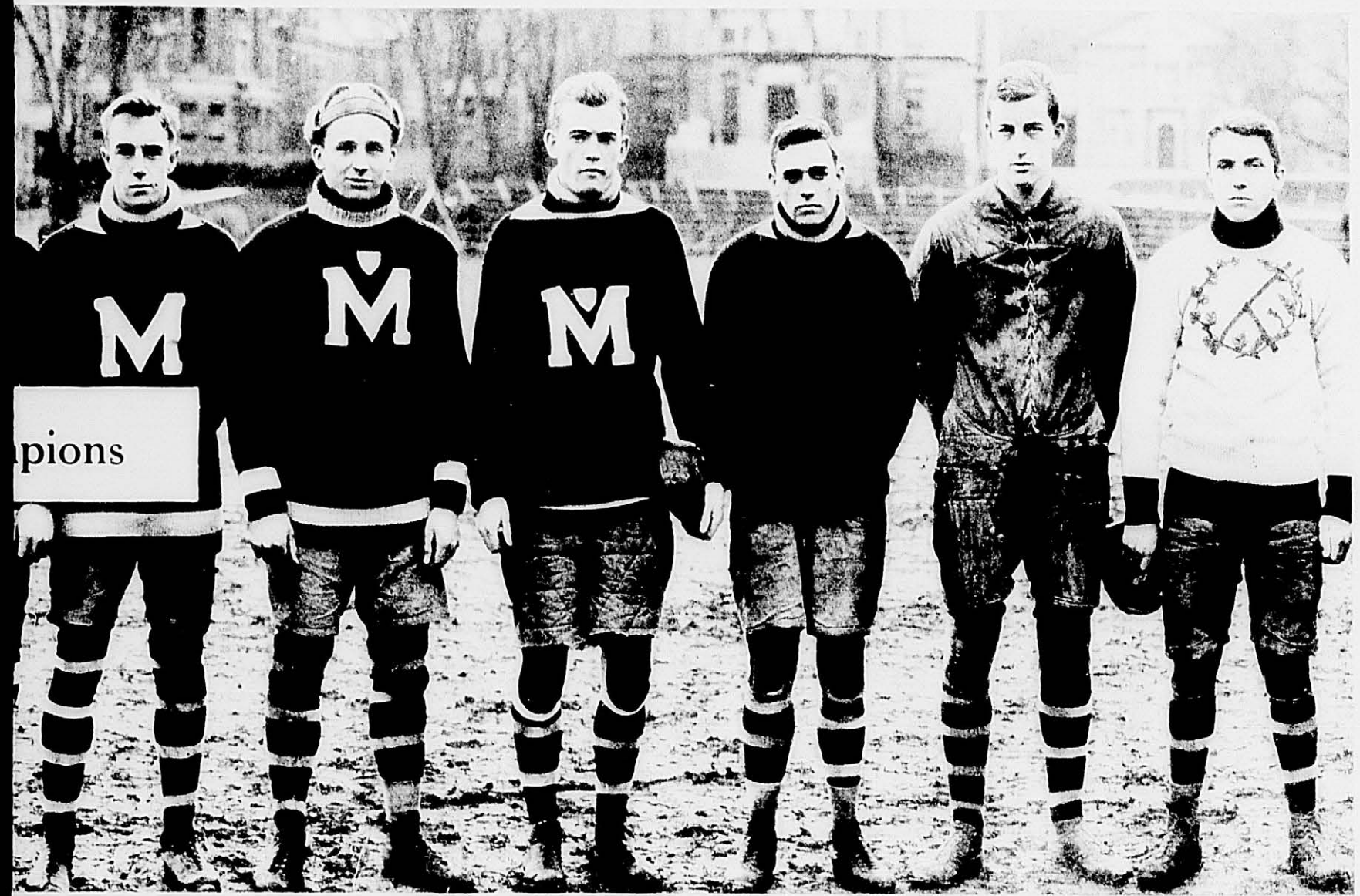
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CRICKSHANKS

A Tale of the Northern Bush

Fire Fighting in the Timber Lands.

THE EX-COOK STORY.

It was just past noon when two fire-rangers of the Mountain Lake beat reached the shelter of Grave Yard point and rested a moment on their paddles ere striking out across the last stretch of choppy water that separated them from the mouth of the Montreal river and the entrance of Antler Creek. The piercing rays of a July sun beat down like swords on the earth and water beneath. A wind which might have been expected to bring some degree of coolness and comfort merely seemed to add to the intolerable heat. It swept down over the hills to the right in fierce irregular gusts like the blasts from some Vulcan's smithy. To the left and within a few miles of the lake, huge clouds of billowy white smoke were rising into the air to be broken and scattered by the wind in long, white streamers across the sky.

A moment or two the rangers rested and chatted, then settling again into their position with a few strong strokes sent their bark out past the projecting point into the swirl of the choppy seas. After twenty minutes' hard, silent paddling they entered the narrows and turned up the winding course of Antler Creek. Another five minutes brought them within sight of a group of log buildings on the right hand bank, and as they shoved the nose of the canoe up into the mud the frantic barking of a black spaniel showed that the camp was not altogether deserted, nor their arrival unwelcomed.

Close following the dog around the corner of the nearest building hobbled an old man whose right leg swung stiffly from the hip and whose arm on the same side had a somewhat pugnacious crook about the elbow. In a high-pitched voice he greeted the arrivals and inquired as to the news elsewhere on their beat; then accepting with many profane exclamations of thanks the fish they handed him, he hobbled on in the lead to the cook-house and busied himself preparing something for them to eat.

While he cooked and while they ate he kept up a constant chatter punctuated with quaint and weird oaths and broken here and there by his own wild cackling laugh at what he considered a rich morsel in the banquet of his discourse.

One of the boys remarked to the other in an undertone across the table that the rolling log which had crushed the old man's leg and arm, seemed to have punctured his diaphragm as well.

When they had finished and washed up the two settled on the doorstep and filled their pipes for a dinner-settling smoked. Presently the old man joined them and himself on the lower steps so that his stiff leg might rest on the ground he bit off a chew and gazed with squinting eyes at the hills around.

"I ain't a damn bit scared of any fire strikin' this camp," he began,

unless it comes down the gully over thar and gits into the slashing from last year's cutting and then salp. tre couldn't save the blasted place. I it ever does come, you'll see me hik- ing it over the trail as fast as this — leg will take me. I ain't got any fancy for monkeying around a camp where there's fifty tons of dynamite stored in a half-covered dug out. It ain't that I'm scared of the fire either; I've been in some hot places, but with powder a man hasn't got a chance. Now up on Miller Lake in 1908 we had a fire that was one and we saved the camp too."

The old man paused and the younger of the two rangers having supplied the necessary prompting, he spat reminiscently, shifted his chew and began.

"As I was saying it was in August '08, just two years after I got bumped with the log, and the summer after I got back from California. I was watching up at camp Number Seven that year near Miller Lake and we was havin' a bang of a dry summer of it, not a drop of rain for about six weeks and the crick that run by camp was almost dry. Camp Number Five was about eleven miles over on the ridge but there weren't anybody within ten miles of me exceptin' one feller over on Pike Lake, about three and a half miles from camp. I had a dog with me and two horses and about fifty pigs, old ones and younguns, and lookin' after them besides cuttin' wood for winter kept me pretty busy.

Well, about the middle of August I wakes up choking one morning and everything is blue with smoke; it's thick as soup in the sleeping camp and I thinks perhaps the camp is on fire, but when I got outside I saw what it was. The whole darn country over to the west was black with smoke and I could see flames too, so that I knew that it weren't far away. The wind weren't blowin' none and the smoke was just settlin' down slow like over the woods and camp,

but I knew that when the sun come up it would blow to heat blazes. They hadn't cleared much about the place but each one of the camps had a steam engyne and a hundred feet of hose which they'd brung in the winter. I'd been expectin' something like this so I had the boiler full and the fire already laid but there wasn't any use lightin' up till I saw which way the wind were goin' to blow.

I sat there watchin' it and thinkin' what I'd do if she comes when all to once I remembered Giroux on Pike Lake. He was a darned Frenchman, too lazy to work and used to sleep half the mornin' so that he was as likely to be burnt as not. Anyhow, I needed him in camp if I could git him, so I started out along the trail with the dog followin' me and spite of my game leg made pretty good time to the lake.

"As I expected I finds Giroux still in bed. I pounded on the door, and shoves his head out of the window and asks what in the hell's the matter with me. Well, sez I, don't you think it's time to git up? Not by a damn sight, sez he, I don't get up round here till I'm doggone ready; and all this time the fool hadn't noticed the smoke. Well, sez I, you're goin' to git out this mornin' or you'll have a blamed warm bed to sleep in. The whole bush over Rice Lake is burnin' and if the fire heads this way saltpetre couldn't stop it."

The old man paused in his tale, and taking a chip drew in the sand a rough sketch of the district and outlay of the camp buildings, then picking up the thread of his discourse he continued.

"It was about seven o'clock when we got back to camp, and I saw that the fire was creeping down on us pretty fast, though the wind hadn't began to blow as I'd expected. We hustled and got a cold bite, for we didn't know when we'd git another, and I didn't want to die hungry."

His high, harsh laugh at his own

wit shrilled forth and died away in rasping chuckles.

"After we eat we hitched up the team to the engyne and hauls her over to the store house, then I tells Giroux to hitch a rope to the hose and pull it on to the roof. He wanted to make a hike for it down the crick, but I knew what I was goin' to do alright, and when he tries to take the canoe I pitches an axe at the bottom of her. He got mad then, but he was too scared to do anything, and as soon as I told him what I wanted he had sense enough to see it was the only thing we could do. "You see in the winter they hadn't cleared the slash away and it was piled up within twenty feet of the store house, runnin' right back through the soft turf toward the fire. It had been too dry that summer to burn it and I knew the fire would creep down into it and then would rush on to the camp, so I sez to Giroux, "Now I'll tell you what I want you to do. You light up the fire in the engyne and when I tell you to turn that thar cock turn it, and keep the fire going. I'm going to start the brush and back fire the whole blasted thing. It's pretty risky, but we've got to take a big chance at it.

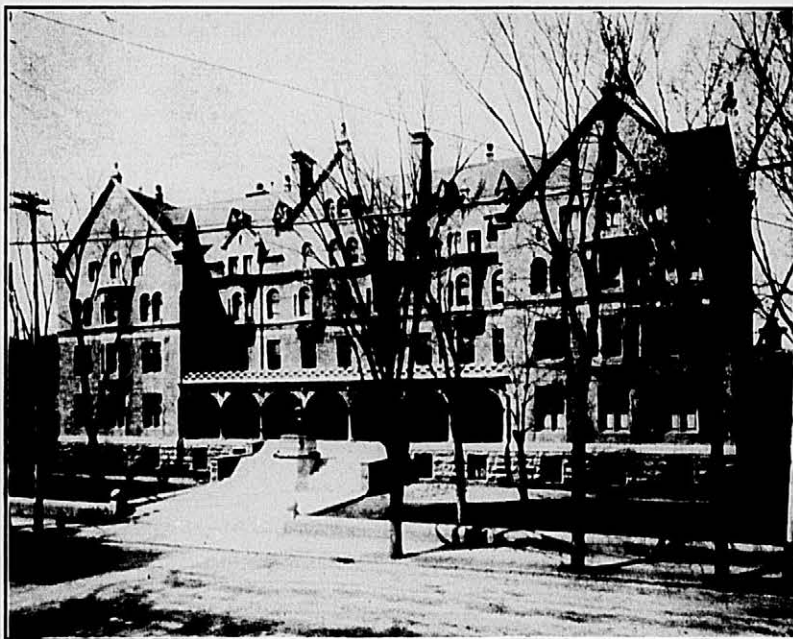
Then I took some birch bark, put a match to it, and threw it into the brush. Say, by cripes, that stuff burned like powder and I had to scramble to beat heck to get back on the roof and get hold of that nozzle. The wind weren't blowin' hard, but what there was was towards camp and you can take it from me we had a hot time of it there for a while.

"Giroux got so scared that he run behind the blacksmith's shop, but the engyne had a good fire under her and I guess the flames from the brush would have kept her hot anyway.

"Three times the buildings begun to blaze but I kept the hose playing on them, and by and by it begun to quit a little, so that I knew we was safe until the big fire came and then what we had cleared would hold it if the wind didn't freshen.

"When the fire came I saw I was right; we had to fight the flyin' bark, and the smoke and heat was like purgatory, but the buildings didn't burn and neither of us was hurt, exceptin' that my whiskers got singed some."

Again his laugh shrilled forth and died away. "Did the company do anything for you?" asked one of the boys. "Lord A' Mighty, no! A feller hasn't got no more chance of gettin' anything out of the company than he has out of the government. Our camp was the only one in the place that wasn't burned. That fire kept on goin' for about a week, and five different camps went up in smoke. They never done a thing for me, and say, I saved about two hundred dollars' worth of pork for them, too. You see when the fire begun the pigs were all turned loose and run for the creek."



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But an inquiring glance from one of the rangers was answered by a nod from the other. He knocked the ashes from his pipe and rose. "We'll have to hear that the next time we are down, Mr. Howard," he said. "We have to climb the hill yet for a lookout, and then have a nine-mile paddle before supper."

"Alright," grunted the old man. "Call in for a pie when you're going back," and as they shouldered their axes and followed the trail around the corner of the shack they heard him mutter, "Not a darned thing."

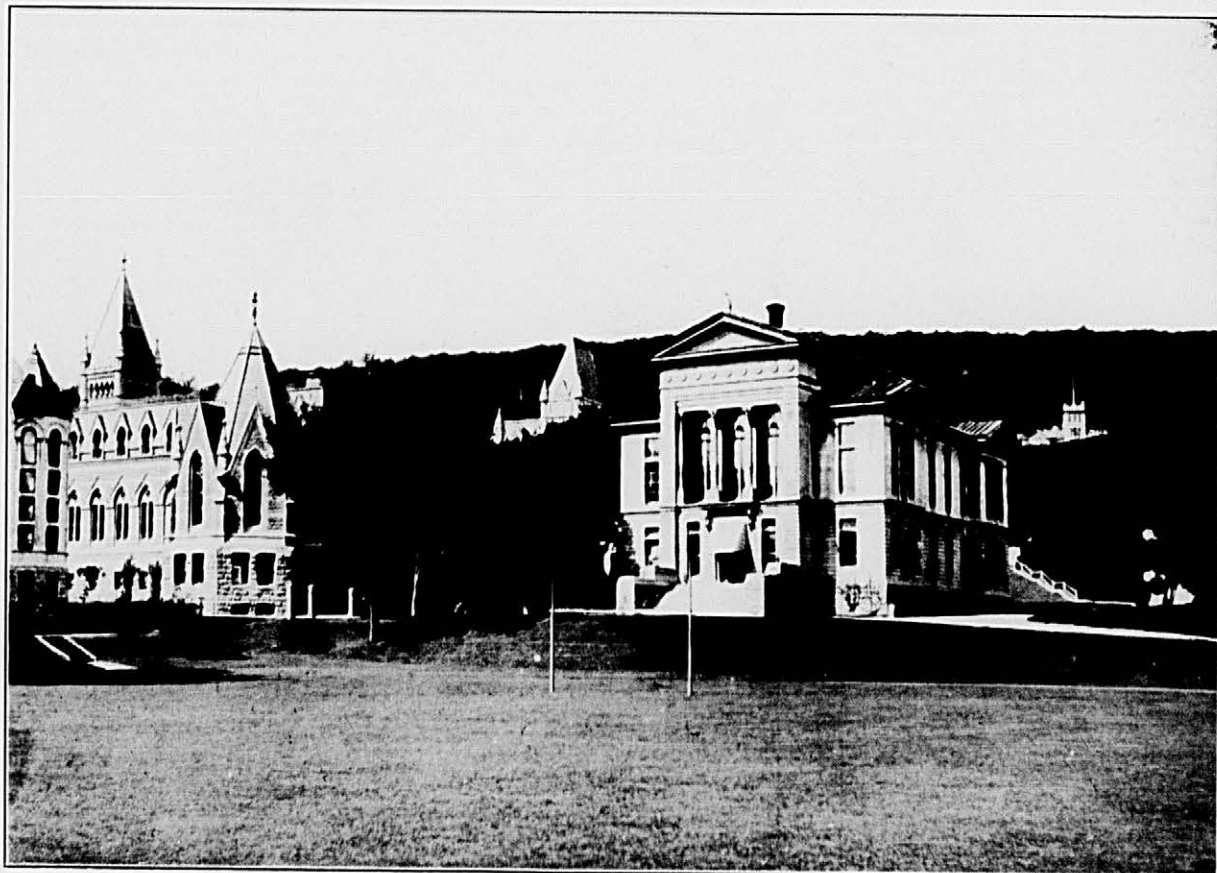
"So your boy William is an inventor?" said Binks. Farmer Corntops paused a moment before answering. "Yes," he said at last, "he has invented a lot of labour-saving devices." "What are they?" "Excuses for not working," replied Farmer Corntops.

Smithson—"Is your wife a sound sleeper?" Biffson—"It depends on circumstances. She can sleep as peacefully as a lamb while I patrol the floor for hours with the baby yelling with all its might, but she never fails to awaken when I try to sneak upstairs with my shoes off."

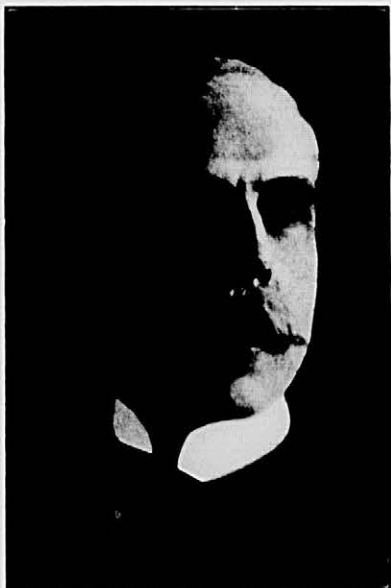
"And you attended the class for mathematics?" asked the patient examiner. "Yes." "How many sides has a circle?" "Two," said the student. "What are they?" A laugh went round the class as the student answered, "An inside, and an outside."



MISS HURLBATT,
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THE MUSEUM.



DEAN ADAMS.

Frank Dawson Adams, Ph.D., D.Sc., F.G.S.A., F.R.S., was born in Montreal on the 17th of September, 1853. He was educated at the Montreal High School and McGill University, where he graduated with a B.Sc. in the Faculty of Arts in 1879, and subsequently with an M.Sc. in 1884. Dr. Adams studied at Yale and at Heidelberg, and received his Ph.D. in 1892. He was appointed lecturer in Geology at McGill University in 1888; Logan Prof. of Geology and Palaeontology, 1893, and Dean of the Faculty of Applied Science in 1908. He has written many papers and reports which he has submitted to the Geological Survey of Canada, the Royal Society of Canada, and other scientific bodies.

Dean Adams is most keenly interested in the various undergraduate activities at McGill University. He is a hearty supporter of the football team and is always present at the games to encourage the Red and White fourteen.

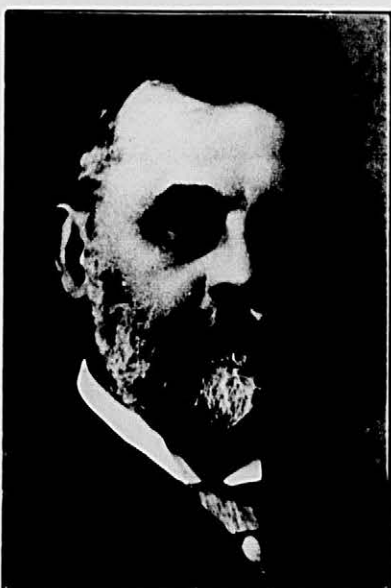
QUALIFIED.

Eli was an unusually humble person. At all events, he made no attempts at matrimony until he was past thirty, and then he espoused a rather dull and uncomely spinster. A few days later an old acquaintance meeting him said, with rural directness: "Well, Eli, I hear you have a wife."

"Ye-es," drawled Eli, "a kind of a one."



DR. HARRISON.



DEAN SHEPHERD

Francis I. Shepherd, M.D., C.M., L.L.D., F.R.C.S., was born at Compton, Quebec, in 1851, and studied at the Montreal High School and McGill University. He afterwards studied at Vienna. He was appointed demonstrator of Anatomy at McGill in 1875; Professor of Anatomy in 1883; and on Dr. Roddick's retirement, he was made Dean of the Faculty of Medicine.

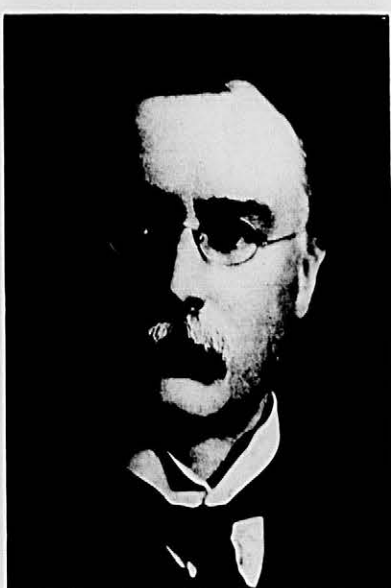
Dr. Shepherd is a member of the Congress of American Physicians and Surgeons and connected with many other medical societies. He is the author of many books and papers on Surgery.

Dr. Shepherd is keenly interested in the Montreal Art Association, and was largely instrumental in the movement which resulted in the Association's securing their beautiful new premises recently opened.

SHE PEEPED.

"Bridget, how does it happen that I saw you giving that policeman a piece of mince pie in the kitchen last night?"

"'Cause I forgot to fill up the keyho'e, mum!"



DEAN WALTON

Frederick Parker Walton, B.A., L.L.D., was born in Nottingham, Eng., in 1858. He was educated at Oxford and Edinburgh. In 1886, he was appointed lecturer in Roman Law at Glasgow University and was legal secretary to the Lord Advocate, the Right Hon. J. B. Balfour.

He was appointed Dean of the Faculty of Law at McGill in 1897, and in addition to this has also held the professorship of Roman Law at this University since that time.

He has contributed to many publications and has published many works of a legal nature, including the Handbook of Law of Husband and Wife in Scotland; Historical Introduction to the Roman Law and the Scope and Interpretation of the Civil Code of Lower Canada.

Dean Walton is a keen supporter of the various undergraduate athletic clubs and activities.

NOT GUILTY.

"I haven't seen her since last summer. At the time she was highly incensed."

"At something you said?"

"No, she was burning joss sticks to keep off the mosquitoes."

The Canadian Officers Training Corps.

(Continued from page 9).

Unfortunately, as the matter had to be rushed in order to get it in this issue, it was not possible to get all the Corps together for the photo. Though only about half the members are present, yet the photo shows excellently the kind of uniform that is being used.

The "Daily" would like to take this opportunity of congratulating all the members of the Corps on the splendid showing they have made so far. Keep at it, boys, the University is proud of you!

MUST HAVE SURPRISED HER.

An absent-minded man was interrupted as he was finishing a letter to his wife, in his office. As a result, the signature read:

Your loving husband,
HOPKINS BROS.

IT'S DIFFERENT HERE.

In St. Louis there is one ward that is full of breweries and Germans. In a recent election a local option question was up. After the election some Germans were counting the votes.

One German was calling off and another taking down the option votes. The first German, running rapidly through the ballots, said:

"Vet, vet, vet, vet, Suddenly he stopped. "Mein Gott!" he cried: "Dry!"

Then he went on—"Vet, vet, vet, "Presently he stopped again and mopped his brow. "Himmel!" he said. "Der son of a gun repeated!"

We are all undergoing a process of change. Let us try and make it a beneficial movement.

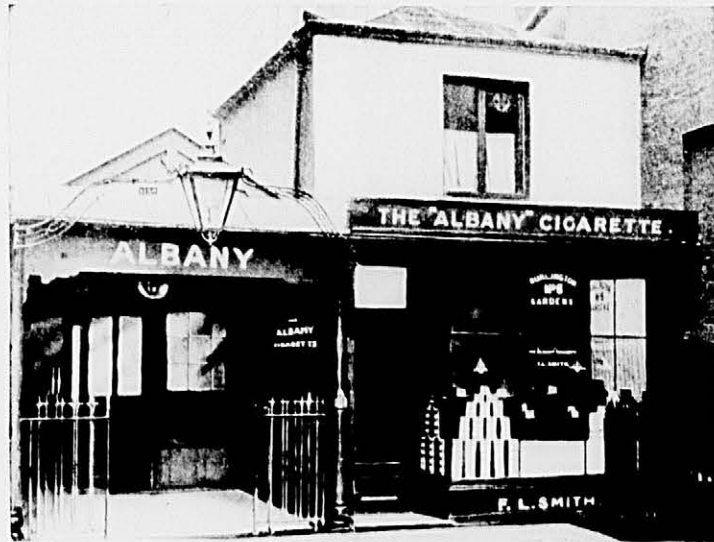
The university course in the sham fight which is supposed to fit a man for the real battle of life.



A VIEW AT ST. ANNES.

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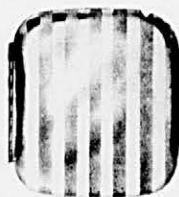
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MONTREAL

HOW IT WAS DONE.

(Continued from page 6).

The efficiency of Shaughnessy's methods became very early apparent to those men who had worked under Pud. Hamilton when he handled the McGill Football Team. The latter confined himself entirely to correcting faults in his players while the practice game was in actual progress. He relied purely upon admonition while play was going on and he was thus practically forced to rely upon the players natural ability. A good individual player was not coached in such a way as to improve his tackling, catching and running, but rather in regard to his ability to understand the signals. The result naturally was that the halfbacks had no confidence in the surety of their catching and their wing line were by no means as individually effective as they might have been although Hamilton worked hard with them.

Shaughnessy's methods were vastly different, for he soon made it apparent that he was bent, not only upon making his team thoroughly capable collectively, but also individually. This is the great difference between the tactics adopted by the wizard of Varsity and the wonder worker of McGill. Griffiths believes in speed, speed on the wing line and speed on the back division. A quick get away and a passing run is practically the

sole feature of the game as he developed it. It was this part of Varsity's game that Shaughnessy had chiefly to fear and he prepared a defence which absolutely nullified all the efforts of the fast Varsity back division. Waterous, Bignell, Timmins, Laing, Lewis, Lee, and all the scrimmage, made a fast, hard tackling line which crushed Varsity's runs time and again. This forced Varsity to rely on the kicking game and here, as Shaughnessy knew, McGill were far and away superior to Toronto. This was admittedly the underlying principle in Shaughnessy's coaching and it proved highly successful. Nullify your opponents play and you immediately place him on the defensive, said Walter Camp, the great American coach and this was what Shaughnessy did.

The methods of the McGill Coach, more nearly approximate to those of the famous Yost of Michigan than to those in vogue at other American Colleges. Yost builds up a machine and perfects the play of each man in relation to that of the whole team at the expense of the fine polish which is given to every man on a team by the system of individual coaches. He has always in view the efficiency of the whole and to attain this he neglects some of the finer details of the play.

To form a team which would be

able to hold the Varsity back division practically helpless and which at the same time was a powerful offensive aggregation was an undertaking of a difficult nature and a consideration of the manner in which it was accomplished merits attention. At the beginning of the year a tackling dummy was used behind the Jacobs house. A bed of leaves was prepared underneath it and then the candidates for the senior line were given practice in the hard, diving tackle which marked their play later on in the season. The men were then coached in the way to get under bucks and stop them and to see Shaughnessy and some candidate for the scrimmage performing circus like tumbles was most interesting.

Shaughnessy was a hard, driving taskmaster and he spared neither himself or the team. Hurry! Hurry! Hurry! was his cry during the long hours of weary practice put in by the team and for two hours at a time he drilled the men under him in the signals and in handling the ball.

Up and down the field he sent his men with McEvenue calling signals for all the various plays and running the team through the various formations and bucks.

It has been stated in many Canadian papers that Shaughnessy had only second rate material to work with and that he developed a first

class team under circumstances of the greatest difficulty. A brief consideration of the men who formed the Senior team this past season will easily serve to demonstrate the fact that this was not so. Shaughnessy had some of the finest football players in the country on his squad at the outset of the season, and this fact must be recognized in order to understand the way in which he developed his team.

There were only four players on the line-up who had not previously worn the Red and White in senior contests and one of these four, Cruikshanks, had held down a place on a number of occasions for the Varsity fourteen. Lewis and Laing had played the outside positions for the senior team the preceeding season. Bignell starred in 1910 on the only fourteen which succeeded in defeating the Varsity team that year. Matheson is a veteran who played under Pud Hamilton, while Waterous, Timmins, Lee and McEvenue had also seen hard service in the past. Paisley had filled the quarter-back position before Shaughnessy shifted him to the half line and Bellington, in the terrific Varsity game of the previous year, had marked himself as one of the finest backs playing the game. Draper, Montgomery and Reid were thus the

(Continued on page 12).



THE BIRKETT CUP TEAM.

only three inexperienced men on the team.

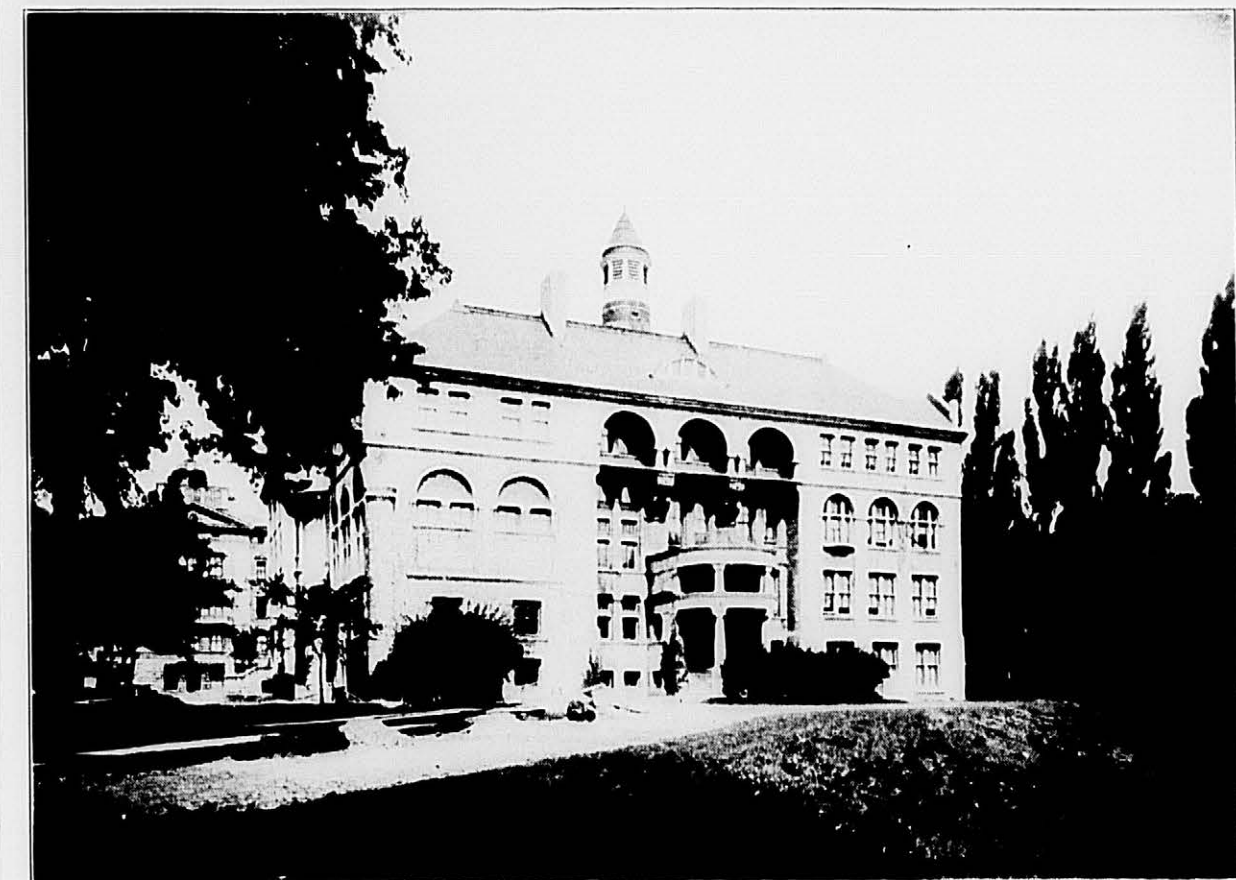
Shaughnessy, therefore, had at the start of the season the material to mould into a fast, hard tackling team and in addition to this he had one half back of outstanding ability. He took these men and trained them to play a clever defensive and offensive game, and the manner in which this was accomplished is worthy of attention.

If we consider first of all the back division we find that they were given endless practice in handling the ball. Every afternoon they were kept kicking the ball to one another or else Shaughnessy himself would punt to each man in turn and it was then up to that man to return the ball immediately after he had caught it.

This phase of the play of the McGill back division was one of the features of Shaughnessy's method. He believed that it was better to return a kick than to run it back for the simple reason that, by so doing, the opposing wing line were kept running up and down the field and were thus soon tired out while, if the other back division fumbled, all the McGill men were right on top of them. He therefore gave his backs a great deal of practice in kicking, and catching, and the efficiency of this method was made apparent, first of all in the Queen's game and in the second instance in the Varsity McGill game in Montreal.

Incompetent football critics referred to this feature of the play during the final half of the game in Ottawa as the wonderful defensive play of the McGill back division, when in reality it was one of the fundamental features of the McGill attack. In connection with the back division, Shaughnessy, also gave a great deal of attention to the matter of converting after a touch. He kept Billington constantly practicing place kicking with the result that, when McGill did secure a touchdown another point was added to it almost invariably.

The wing line Shaughnessy drilled more particularly in tackling, al-



PHYSICS BUILDING

though he also devoted considerable attention to the bucks and trick plays. The use of the tackling dummy, constant and persistent coaching on the field soon made the McGill line almost impregnable as regards bucks, while they nipped their opponent's runs in the bud.

The McGill team had some thirty distinct plays and the secret of their success lay in the variation of the mode of attack and the thorough understanding the men had of the part they took in each play. The outstanding and most successful plays were the onside kick, a distinct improvement on the one hitherto in vogue, and the split buck. Both of these forms of attack proving extremely effective.

So much for the method, and now for the man. Shaughnessy was courteous, friendly and considerate, and he soon became justly popular with all those with whom he came in contact. Firm and autocratic on the field he earned the respect of all his men; while everybody who was brought into touch with him elsewhere felt that McGill had indeed been fortunate in securing the services of such a man. Shaughnessy will be back again next year, and in this fact lies the brightest augury for a successful season next year.

Honest perseverance and patient forbearance are the two qualities which all men should try to cultivate.

Phenomenal Marksmanship Successful

(Continued from page 7.)

forts that the very satisfactory arrangements with the Government were formed.

Too much also can not be said of the kindness and interest taken in the club by Lieut.-Col. Birkett who is the present Hon. President. It was Dr. Birkett who donated the Birkett Cup for an inter-year competition and so inaugurated one of the most keenly contested inter-year struggles that take place at McGill. This year he has gone even farther and is presenting individual cups to all members of the winning team.

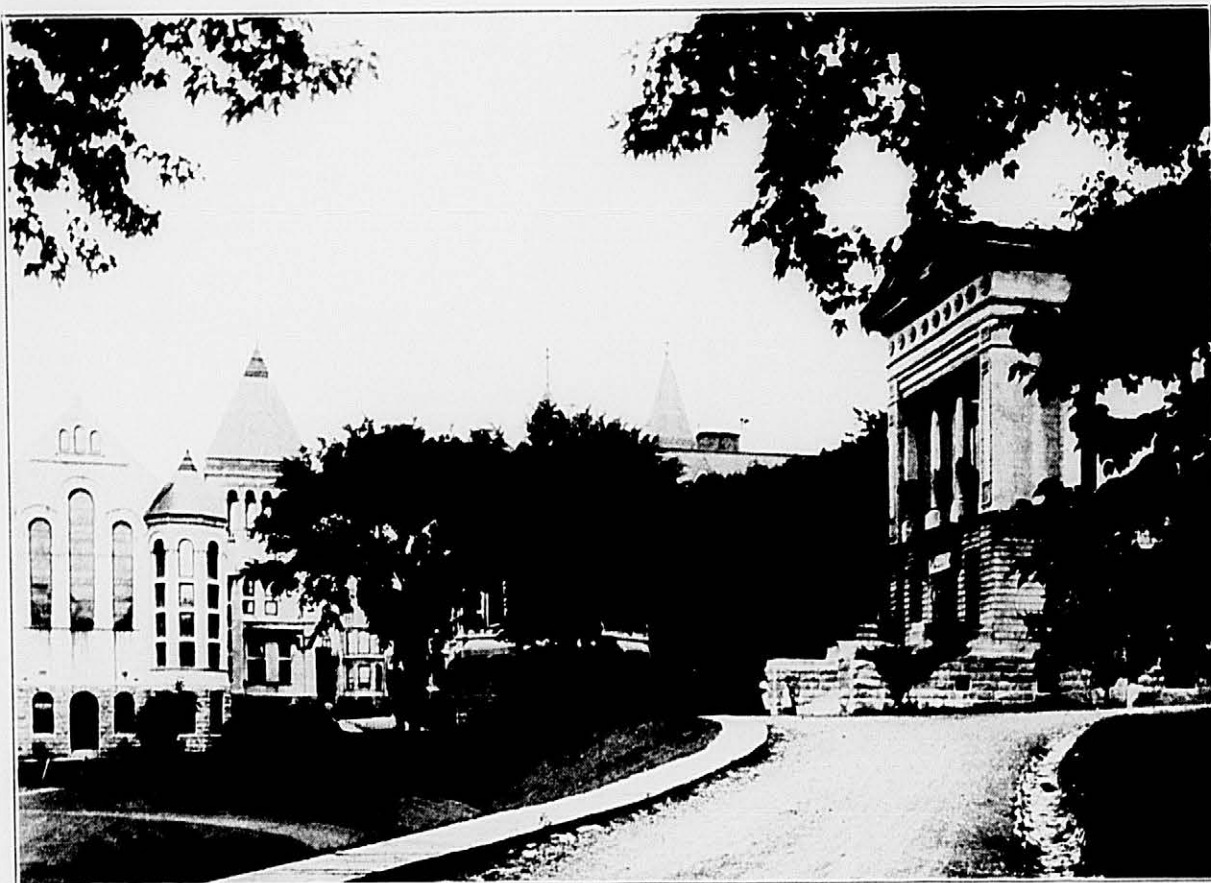
In former years there has been a moderate interest taken in indoor shooting. Last year however very little was done along that line, but this year a determined effort is being made to revive the student interest in this sport, and which we may say is meeting with remarkable success.

Journalistic

Newspaper Proprietor (angrily) — "What did you mean by telling the man who asked if there was money in mushrooms that there would be more money for him in toadstools?" Editor of the "Question and Answer Department" (with the air of one who knows he is in the right) — "Because, sir, I looked up the man in the directory, and found he was an undertaker."

A Borrower

Mrs. Jones — "That old maid next door is the most brazen borrower I know." Mrs. Brown — "Indeed!" — Mrs. Jones — "Yes; why, only yesterday she came over to inquire if she could borrow my husband for an hour to mow her lawn, thrash a man who had insulted her, and discharge her cook."



A CAMPUS VIEW.

The Xmas Spirit

The Christmas spirit has already shown evidences of its presence at McGill. Men who think that they should have got 30 per cent. in an exam. discovers to their amazement that the genial professor has given them a mark of fifty-five; to stand on another man's corns means the most gentle of protests; bores find that their society is not only tolerated but apparently enjoyed; while the editor of the "Daily," instead of having to appeal to his fellow students for "copy", is spending his time in careful examination of the wealth of good material at hand, in order that the best of it be preserved for the edification and enjoyment of his public.

And in this exhibition of good feeling which characterizes civilized people all over the world at this season, what about our Young Men's Christian Association, which takes its name from Him whose birthday we celebrate?

For one thing, at this time its members are brought to think more deeply upon those great principles which underlie Christianity, as indeed they underlie all real religion; of purity, honour, unselfishness and love to God and to fellow-man.

They find in this happiness that's in the air—this cheerfulness and good will that we all try to show—the very essence of what they are striving for; and they realize perhaps as never before, that if the student body doesn't feel a little bit more cheerful, if the student code of honour is not a bit higher than before, if the ordinary student isn't a little more

willing to sacrifice personal interests in those of his friend or of the community, our Y.M.C.A. is failing in its cardinal duty.

But those to whom it is given to look upon the mind of the student body can see in such things as the abolition of the "rush", the orderly celebration of notable victories, the spirit of self sacrifice shown by our athletic teams and the ever-increasing feeling of loyalty to our Alma Mater that is the most striking phase of this session, an undoubted move upward in the progress of student character.

But what we are all so liable to forget is that this "Christmas" spirit, which does so much to gladden all our hearts, was never intended to be reserved for one week in the year only—it should be our normal attitude to life.

It will be the task of each one of us, and of the Christian Association in particular, to strive that such a spirit may not be limited in time to any period of the year, for after all "We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;

In feelings, not in figures on a dial. We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives

Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best."

The Y.M.C.A. extends to all readers of the "Daily" the hope that in the sharing of their Christmas joys they may redouble them, and that in a spirit of service to mankind they may experience the best of Good New Years.

THIRSTY

Uncle (returning after having left his nephew alone in a refreshment room)—"What have I to pay for, miss?" Miss—"Three buns, four

sponge cakes, two sandwiches, one jelly, five tarts, and —" Uncle—"Good gracious, boy! Are you not ill?" Tommy—"No, uncle; but I'm thirsty."

Too Much Turkey

Jenks issued forth from the imposing portals of the building which sheltered the firm of Hiram Jenks & Co. He felt pleased with himself, very pleased in fact, and he still experienced the glow of pride that had passed over him as he admiringly gazed at the dignified notice in the building directory when he went by. To recapitulate, he had only recently closed a deal which had turned out immensely to his advantage, even more than his proudest expectations, and the firm had been doing a business which would make this a record year. His business had been rapidly growing and extending its prestige until now it might well be ranked with concerns which had been firmly established for years.

During the process of this Autohypnosis he had been walking rapidly when suddenly the thought struck him like an icy needle shower, that Christmas was only a week away.

He shivered with apprehension. For well he remembered his experience of only one short year before. Then he had left everything until the last minute and on Christmas Eve he had set out on his shopping expedition. An expedition on which his wife wisely refused to accompany him. He had invaded stores and fought valiantly with the crowds of struggling humanity who sought to obstruct his progress.

He had led the assault on moving stairways, charged elevators, and emerged from each store a little more dishevelled than from the last but with another one or more items scratched off his list. These thoughts passed quickly through his mind and he then and there decided that he, Hiram Jenks would never more disgrace himself as he had by his former gladiatorial-like actions, nor would he allow himself to entertain

such ideas of his fellow men, so morbid and vicious they had been, on the Eve of the day when all should be at peace on earth and goodwill toward all men. The Peace and Goodwill part brought to mind the days of his boyhood, spent in Hamden Corners, Maine. He remembered how he would save up his pennies for weeks before Christmas so as to buy his Dad a plug of "peace and goodwill" and then sit quietly by and watch the wonderful process of cutting and grinding the tobacco to fit it for the pipe, a black corncob, more familiarly known as a Missouri "Meresham". Suddenly he shrugged his shoulders and with a snort of disdain tried to banish such thoughts. These were not the kind that Hiram Jenks, of Jenks & Co., leading financial firm of the City, should be thinking, and he recollected that the previous Christmas he had bought his wife a sealskin coat, which cost him not a cent less than eleven-hundred dollars, that is, Mrs. Jenks had presented him with the bill and he had magnanimously agreed to pay it as a present for her. He would have had to pay for it anyway he reflected. Turning these over in his mind he had almost decided to get his wife the new Limousine she had been yearning for, and to take that trip to Florida they had been contemplating. He felt that he could afford to take a rest now that he had made a success of life. Going up the broad stone steps, of a building with a brownstone front, which looked solid and prosperous, he entered his club, gave his hat and coat to the "buttons" and went as was his wont, to the luxurious common room, where men high up in the financial world, greeted him on all sides with genial nods and exclamations of fellowship. It was with pride that he realized they were treating him as their equal, that he commanded their respect, on account of the meteoric upward flight in his career as a king of finance.

He proceeded into a quieter room, where a servant was waiting with his whiskey and soda. Dropping easily into a large leather chair he stared thoughtfully into the fire which was burning cheerily, as he slowly imbibed the liquor. Soon he was asleep.

All at once he was conscious of a familiar voice calling and he stirred uneasily in his sleep. "Hi—oh-h. Hi" the voice said and he sprang to his feet sleepily rubbing his eyes with closed fists. His mother stood before him:

"I am afraid you have eaten too much Christmas dinner. See what Uncle Jack has given you," and she held out a knife with twelve different blades and attachments. "It is just what you've been wanting."

Hi, his strange dream forgotten faced happily into the next room to thank Uncle Jack and to wish him a "Merry Christmas."

That night just before dropping off to sleep he decided that perhaps it was better to be Hi Jenks, of Hamden Corners, than the illustrious Mr. Jenks of Jenks & Company.



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wishes to extend
to all its readers
the best possible
wishes for a
Merry Christmas
and a
Good New Year.

A Vision

Neath tresses dark as ravens wing,
Were coal-black eyes, a gleam,
A rose-bud mouth and dimpled chin,
A countenance and mien
As fair as was the angels face
In blessed Mary's dream.

The meteor flashes through the air
And passes into night;
So fitted she before my gaze,
A laughing, winsome sprite.

Of in the joyous month of May,
When rippling brooklets run,
The light aloft in clouds of spray
And dancing in the sun,
The light will pierce through thickest
dark,
And warm again to life
The dormouse, lying cold and stark,
Throughout long winters strife.

So flashed her smile into my soul
Till life all sun did seem.
T'was vision—yet reality,
This maiden of my dream.

F. G. H.

Ballad of Fatuous Philosophy

A learned man not long ago,
In terms most academical,
Made weighty argument to show
My soul is but a chemical.

And learned men now long since dead
Renowned for vast profundity,
In spite of what the sailors said,
Disproved the world's rotundity.

I find in life rare seasonings
Of things which augur more to me,
Than aught of these dull reasonings
Of fatuous philosophy.

T. R. L. M.

The Song of the Knight

A FRAGMENT.

I love to take a fighting chance,
To meet a gallant foe's advance,
To trust fair fortune and a lance
To bear me through the day.
I like to see the foeman reel,
Where rings the clash of steel on
steel,
To hear the trumpets loud appeal
And brave the battle's fray.

Armed cap a pie upon a horse,
I like to run a knightly course,
To plan some skilful tour de force;
Bear my opponent down.
Then lay my honours at the feet,
Of beauty's queen, my lady sweet,
That she may wear, as is her mate,
The Tourney's laurel crown.

W. L. C.

The Wanderer

I hale no country as my own,
About the world I roam;
There is no fireside dear to me,
No place I may call home.
I've toiled beneath the southern
cross;
I know the Red Sea's well,
The Tropics and the snow-clad plains
The North Atlantic swell.

Adrift! Adrift! I've worked my shift
In the steamers blazing hold.
Alone! Alone! In the Arctic Zone
I've toiled for the raw, red gold
I cannot find, surcease of mind,
Nor any joy in gain.
Dear God above, must those we love,
Forever give us pain!

J. T. P.

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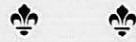
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